But for thy world enioying but this land,
Is it not more then ſhame to ſhame it ſo?
Land-lord of England art thou now not, nor King,
Thy ſtate of law is bond-ſlaue to the law,
And thou.

King. Ah lunatick leane-witted foole,
Preſuming on an Agues priuiledge,
Dareſt with thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheeke, chaſing the Royall blood
With furie from his natiue reſidence.
Now by my Seates right Royall maieſtie
Wert thou not Brother to great *Edwards* ſonne,
This tongue that runnes ſo roundly in thy head,
Should runne thy head from thy vnreuerent ſhoulders.

Gaunt. Oh ſpare me not my brother *Edwards* ſonne,
For that I was his Father *Edwards* ſonne:
That blood already, like the Pellican,
Haſt thou tapt and drunkenly carowſt:
My Brother *Gloceſter*, plaine well meaning ſoule,
Whom faire befall in heauen mongſt happy ſoules,
May be a preſident and witneſſe good,
That thou reſpect'ſt not ſpilling *Edwards* blood.
Ioyne with the preſent ſickneſſe that I haue,
And thy vnkindnes be like crooked age,
To crop at once a too long withered flower.
Liue in thy ſhame, but die not ſhame with thee:
Theſe words heereafter, thy tormentors be:
Conuay me to my bed, then to my graue,
Loue they to liue, that loue and honour haue.

Exit.

King. And let them die; that age and ſullens haue,
For both haſt thou, and both become the graue.

Yorke. I do beſeech your Maieſtie impute his words
To wayward ſicklineſſe and age in him:
He loues you on my life, and holds you deere,
As *Harry* Duke of Herford, were he heere.

King. Right, you ſay true; as *Herfords* loue, ſo his:
As theirs, ſo mine, and be as it is.

North.

North. My Liege, old *Gaunt* commends him to
King. What ſayes hee? (Ma
North. Nothing, all is ſayd;
His tongue is now a ſtringleſſe inſtrument,
Words, life, and all, old *Lancaſter* hath ſpent.
Yorke. Be *Yorke* the next that muſt be banckrout
Though Death be poore, it ends a mortall wo.
King. The ripeſt Fruite firſt falles and ſo doth he
His time is ſpent, our pilgrimage muſt be:
So much for that. Now for our *Iriſh* Warres:
We muſt ſupplant thoſe rough rug-headed kernes,
Which liue like venome, where no venome elſe
But onely they, haue priuiledge to liue.
And for theſe great affayres do aske ſome charge,
Towards our aſſiſtance we do ſeaze to vs,
The Plate, Coyne, Reuenewes, and moueables
Whereof our Vncle *Gaunt* did ſtand poſſeſt.
Yorke. How long ſhall I be patient? Ah how lon
Shall tender duetie make me ſuffer wrong?
Not Gloceſters death, nor Herfords baniſhment,
Nor Gaunts rebukes, nor Englands priuate wrongs
Nor the preuention of poore Bullingbrooke
About his marriage, nor my owne diſgrace,
Haue euer made me ſower my patient cheeke,
Or bend one wrinckle on my Soueraignes face:
I am the laſt of the noble *Edwards* Sonnes,
Of whom thy Father Prince of Wales was firſt.
In Warre, was neuer Lion rage more fierce:
In Peace, was neuer gentle Lambe more milde
Then was that young and Princely Gentleman:
His face thou haſt, for euen ſo lookt he,
Accomplisht with a number of thy houres;
But when he frowned, it was againſt the French,
And not againſt his Friendes: his noble hand
Did winne what he did ſpend, and ſpent not that
Which his triumphant Fathers hand had wonne:
His hands were guiltie of no kindred blood,
But bloody with the enemies of his kinne.